

The Messenger.
HENRY WOODRUFF,
Editor and Proprietor
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STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVII.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1872.

NO. 44

Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HENRY WILSON,
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

W. R. MARSHALL, of Ramsey;
CHARLES KITTISON, of Fredericksburg;
FIRST DISTRICT—CHARLES A. COPE, of Houston;
SECOND DISTRICT—M. S. CHANDLER, of Gainesville;
THIRD DISTRICT—THEODORE SANDER, of Ramsey.

Republican State Ticket.

FOR AUDITOR:
O. P. WHITCOMB,
of Olmsted.
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT:
SHERWOOD HOGUE,
of Ramsey.

REPUBLICAN CO. CONVENTION.

A Republican County Convention will be held at the Court House in Stillwater, on Tuesday, July 16th, to elect five Delegates to the State Third District, to be held in St. Paul, on Thursday, July 18th.

County Convention will be held at the same place on Friday, July 19th.

The appointment of delegates is as follows:

ATLTON, 1; BENTON, 1; COTTAGE GROVE, 2;

DANIELSON, 2; GRANGE, 1; LAMAR, 1;

MARSHALL, 1; NEWTON, 1; OAKDALE, 1;

OSCEOLA, 1; STILLWATER TOWNSHIP, 1;

WILSON, 1.

Primaries are requested to be held in the several towns to elect Delegates at 7:30 o'clock Saturday evening, July 15th.

HENRY WOODRUFF,
Chairman Co. Committee.

THE ART OF AMUSING ONE'S SELF.

Ninety-six years ago the declaration of American independence was signed. By common consent the fourth of July has been set apart as a national holiday in commemoration of that event. The recurrence of this annual festive occasion suggests a few observations on the subjects indicated by the heading of this article: "The Art of amusing one's self."

Everybody acknowledges Mark Twain to be a witty writer. But when the Galaxy magazine bared him up so much a month ago in its columns, Mark could not be funny. His humor was not a kind that could be forced and made to dance and sparkle at the call of a magazine publisher. This single instance illustrates a general fact in regard to human nature. The Yankees are famous for their quick appreciation of a joke and when left to themselves say and do a great many funny things in the course of a year. But when a Yankee deliberately sets himself at the task of amusing himself and providing amusement for others on a special occasion, the results are far from satisfactory.

It is safe, for instance, to usher in the day with the firing of cannon. We use the word "safe" in a large, and as it were, a national sense. We could not truthfully use it in a narrow sense, because as everybody knows, it isn't safe to fire cannons, they being extremely liable to explode. We well remember how pitifully our mother used to beseech us not to go near the cannon; and we have not forgotten how our friend, Francis F. got his face blown so full of powder that he looks to this day as if he had fed on nitrate of silver from his infancy. We recall also the instance of Robert N., who served all through the war without a hurt, and had his arm blown off by the explosion of the cannon at a fourth of July celebration, the very next year after his discharge. We might multiply facts of this nature, but they are depressing in their influence, and we intend to have this article cheerful.

There are other reasons why it would be wrong to use the word "safe" in a narrow sense, in this connection. For instance there are a great many nervous people in every community, to whom the booming of cannon during the small hours of the morning is torture. Clearly it is not advisable to drive any human being into profligacy or the headache. Again there are in every community a few frugal gentlemen to whom the bursting of so much powder seems an majestic and agreeable waste. It is not desirable to begin a holiday with a performance so obnoxious to and so calculated to mar the happiness of any free-born American citizen.

But notwithstanding these limitations, we repeat that it is quite correct to salute the morn with guns. We don't say that there is any fun in so doing; that is a matter of opinion. Later in the day it is permissible to assemble somewhere to hear somebody read the

Declaration of Independence, and to hear somebody else pronounce an oration. Mind, we don't say there is any fun in this, for there isn't. But such a proceeding is suitable. If you and your children you may do either of two things: give them fire-crackers and live in constant dread lest they set the house on fire and blow their little noses off; or refuse them the coveted ginkgoes and have your ears filled with their howls of disappointment. Between these two courses of action every parent can decide for himself.

In the evening it is correct to let off fireworks. Some people believe in letting off fireworks; others do not.

Frugal gentlemen object to them on the same ground on which they base their objection to a morning cannonade. And truly, from an economic standpoint, we know of no amusement so ephemeral and unsatisfactory in its character, in proportion to the amount of money invested in it, as the bursting of fireworks. Nevertheless we repeat that it is not inappropriate to conclude the day with an exhibition of fireworks.

Firemen's tournaments are allowable on the Fourth. Exemptions to graves and other places are in order; and drums, to be played with whom an occasional border is a cherished luxury.

In conclusion we mention a method of spending at least a portion of the day pleasantly, which seems to us the best calculated to afford genuine and innocent amusement. Family picnics are a joy forever. We do not hesitate to affirm that, if the weather be favorable and the guests harmonious, more real pleasure can be extracted from a diversion of this sort, than from almost any other that can be indulged in. The conditions of enjoyment are a few at a picnic. Friends, fine fare is perhaps the first. Unless a man is resolved to let the world slide, for one day at least, he will not likely to enjoy himself at a picnic. Plainness of dress is important, especially on the part of the ladies. Picnics are had on purple and fine linens.

A selection of good things to eat, a disposition to be easily pleased, and a willingness on the part of each to contribute as much as possible to the entertainment of the rest, are essential to an agreeable picnic.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We would like to see some weather that suited everybody, and was favorable for everything. It would be interesting to everybody. Appropriate of this, a little story: "Nice weather for corn!" said a minister up the valley to one of his neighbors. "What's the weather like?" said the farmer. "That bad for grain and grass." A few days later we met again. "A fine rain we had yesterday," said the minister, "and the grass is green." "Good for grass and grain," "Yes," was the reply "but awful bad for corn."

CHARLES Francis Adams, in conversation with a correspondent of the *World*, said: I adhere to the principles laid before the Cincinnati convention. I would, however, except the Baltimore nomination if the platform is good, and offered spontaneously, but I do not such indulgence annex any body.

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GRAND ANNUAL FAIR!

A Fair for the benefit of the

MAGNIFICENT CHURCH EDIFICE

Now in process of erection in the city of Stillwater, will be held in the great

"MAMMOTH HALL"

Lately erected by Henry & Staples in this city. The Fair will commence on

Monday Evening, July 1st,

AND WILL

Continue During the Week.

REFRESHMENTS

Will be served up during each day and evening in the latest "Dolly Varden" style.

The Choicest Articles of Every Description will be on Exhibition in the Hall!

Articles will be Voted to the Most Popular Candidates!

All are most respectfully invited.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONCERT HALL.

LANGRISHE

COMEDY COMPANY!

Thursday Eveing, July 4th.

The Glorious Comedy

GRUNDS FOR DIVORCE

After which the last great scenes in Song and Dance.

Little Frauds.

COMIC SONGS—LANGRISHE.

And concluding with the celebrated

RAVEN PANTOMIME.

Robert Macaire

AND THE

Carle Family

IN THEIR

PUNNEMENTS!

LOOK OUT FOR FUN!

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Intelligent Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants, Professional Men, Workers, Thinkers, and All Mankind.

And the Wife, and the Wife, and the Wife.

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ONE HUNDRED COPIES FOR \$50.

Or less than One Cent a Copy. Let there be a \$50 Club at every Post Office.

SEMIWEEKLY SUN, \$2 A YEAR.

of the same size and general character of the Sun.

With a weekly and a great variety of miscellaneous reading, and furnishing the news to its readers in a clear, forcible, and forcible weekly issue of once only.

THE DAILY SUN, \$1 A WEEK.

A perfectly readable newspaper, with the largest circulation in the world. Price, 10 cents a week, and 50 cents a month.

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JULY 5, 1872.

AN EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun;
Only remembered by what I have done.
My name and my place and my tomb all forgotten;
The brief time of love will and patiently
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.
Up to the crown that we have been
Only remembered by what I have done.
Upward of by man in rewards or in justice,
Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.
We, like the fragrance that wavers in freshness,
When the flowers that it comes from are closed up again;
So would I be to this world's weary dwelling,
Only remembered by what I have done.
Needs there the praise of the love-written word,
The name and the epithet graven on the stone?
The things we have lived for—then be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed if my life has been
(As to summer and autumn more silent than ever),
The bloom and the fruit and the seed of its season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.
I need not be missed if another succeed me
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who plants the seed sowed is not minded by the reaper,
He only remembered by what he has done.
Save the truth I have sp. ken, the things I have done;
So let my living be, so do my dying;
Sole my name lie, unblossomed, unknown;
Unspared and unnamed, I shall still be remembered,
Yes—but remembered by what I have done.
—Horatio Alger.

“THAT FOURTH OF JULY.”

From the Little Corporal.
Everything was ready for the picnic—biscuit, chicken, cake, lemons, raspberries, all manner of goodies for the baskets; fire-crackers, topes, Roman candles, and rockets safely packed to be sent off on the lake shore; cool linen suits for big and little; just fit for a whole day of rough and tumble on the grass and in the woods; broad-brimmed hats and boating gloves for those who cared to handle the oars.

“Now, then, little folks, every one of you to bed, so as to be ready to wake up with the robin at 4 o'clock, for we must be on our way before sunrise.”

Awake went the children, tumbling up stairs with laughing and whispering, and presently all was still; but when mamma made her nightly rounds to see that all was safe, there were the boys covered up to their eyes with blankets, and looking suspiciously red and suffocating.

Mamma turned down the covers, and what do you think? Every boy of them was dressed from top to toe, boots and all, to save time in the morning, you know, and every boy had his pockets bursting with fire-crackers, and torpedoes and matches. How mamma laughed, though she trembled, too, at the probable result of such a mixture, and how the boys grumbled and protested when compelled to empty their pockets, and go to bed in proper costume.

“Dear me! said mamma at last, “eleven o'clock already, and we shall never wake up in the morning.”

“I think we shall,” said papa, ominously.

And sure enough, before mamma had decided what to carry the ice cream in, and just as she was in the midst of her forty winks of sleep, she started up broad awake, and held her breath to hear a vigorous whispering in the hall, light steps on the stairs, a gentle ringing of the dining-room window, and then “pop, fizz, bang,” and the whole house was filled with a suffocating smoke. Papa was gone.

He came back presently, looking very sleepy, and very good natured, and said quietly,

“My dear, it's only two o'clock, and the children are dressed and down now.”

“Oh dear!” groaned mamma, “I shall be tired to death before night; I'm tired to death now!”

“Well, I'd go to sleep again,” said papa, absurdly, his words half drowned by the crackling and banging from the piazza.

The boys fired all their ammunition, and then crept back to bed without an idea they had disturbed anybody, and lay there chuckling and giggling until four o'clock, when everybody was astir. There was a nice breakfast, but nobody was very hungry, and after a good deal of hurry and bustle the wagon was packed, and the carriage loaded, and the cavalcade on the way to the woods.

“Ah,” said mamma, leaning back with a sigh, “how good it is to sit down and rest,” and that was only six o'clock in the morning. Twelve miles to ride, and a sandy road; blue like on one side and market gardens on the other.

“Let's tell stories,” said papa, “each in his turn.”

“True or make believe,” said mamma.

“Oh, make believe!” said Harry, “so that we'll have adventures.”

So mamma began, and told her adventures when she was ambassador to China, and went around the world in a balloon. Then papa told his adventures when he started out to seek his fortune, at the time when dodos were as plenty as sparrows, and mastodons as common as bumblebees. This was the funniest of all, and even mamma forgot to be tired in listening and laughing, especially as papa stopped suddenly and said, “to be continued in our next,” whenever he came to a very thrilling place, and would only go on after a great chorus of “Oh, papa, just one chapter more! Now, papa, you know that's too bad!”

“And the we had at dinner came from our own self,” added Fred, with impudent eyes. Papa nodded, and the boys screamed all together.

“Mamma, mamma, we're just in the grove beyond the railroad; you can see the house if you go down a little ways.”

“And the we had at dinner were countin' her fortune, at the time when dodos were as plenty as sparrows, and mastodons as common as bumblebees. This was the funniest of all, and even mamma forgot to be tired in listening and laughing, especially as papa stopped suddenly and said, “to be continued in our next,” whenever he came to a very thrilling place, and would only go on after a great chorus of “Oh, papa, just one chapter more! Now, papa, you know that's too bad!”

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Lake Superior & Mississippi Division, Northern Pacific Railroad.

Direct Route to St. Paul, St. Anthony, Minneapolis, Chaska and Carver.

Bonard, Moorhead and all points on Northern Pacific R. R.; and Red River, Duluth, Lake Superior, St. Peter, Lake ports and all Points East.

Favre Summer Route between the Northwest and East.

Three Trains daily each way.

Between Stillwater and St. Paul, making quick time.

On and after Monday, May 28th, 1872, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

St. Paul Train.

Leave Stillwater, 12:30 a.m. Sunday, do.

do, 4:45 p.m. St. Paul, 9:15 a.m.

do, 10:30 a.m. do, 2:30 p.m.

do, 6:30 p.m. do.

Arrive St. Paul, 12:30 p.m. Sunday, do.

do, 4:45 p.m. St. Paul, 9:15 a.m.

do, 10:30 a.m. do, 2:30 p.m.

do, 6:30 p.m. do.

Saturday's excepted.

Through tickets to points East and South, and vice versa, will be issued at Stillwater and Raymond, and return, on sale at the depot.

For information, see Manager, W. W. HUNTER, Superintendent.

W. H. ALEXANDER, Genl. Ticket Agent.

St. Paul, Stillwater & Taylors Falls Railroad.

Supervision's Office, 1222

On and after May 28th, trains will run as follows:

St. Paul & WORTHINGTON TRAINS.

Leave Stillwater, 12:30 a.m. Sunday, do.

do, 4:45 p.m. St. Paul, 9:15 a.m.

do, 10:30 a.m. do, 2:30 p.m.

do, 6:30 p.m. do.

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do, 10:30 a.m. do, 2:30 p.m.

do, 6:30 p.m. do.

MANKATO EXPRESSES.

Leave Stillwater, 12:30 a.m. Sunday, do.

do, 4:45 p.m. St. Paul, 9:15 a.m.

do, 10:30 a.m. do, 2:30 p.m.

do, 6:30 p.m. do.

Arrive Mankato, 12:30 p.m. Sunday, do.

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The Messenger.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

LOCAL NEWS.

TIT-BITS OF TRAVEL.—(Continued.)

We go to press late Wednesday night, instead of Thursday—which is the 4th.

Mrs. Bella French delivers the 4th of July edition for the Pierce county celebration at Ellsworth, Wis.

The firemen have adopted the uniform heretofore described in the Messenger. Rose & Apt are to furnish it.

Messrs. Wilmer F. Thayer and Frank L. Thayer, young and enterprising St. Louis business men, were in the city this week, on their way to Marion, for their usual summer vacation of a week.

Twenty thousand bushels of wheat had been received at the elevator this week, up to Tuesday noon, and about twenty thousand bushels more were expected within the week. It all goes to Minneapolis.

Master Dudley Doe, son of A. K. Doe, about six years of age, fell from the top of a fence, a few days ago, and broke his left wrist. The little fellow lay it heroically while the wound was being dressed, and is now doing well.

At a vestry meeting of the Episcopal church, on Wednesday evening, a call was made upon the Rev. C. O. Johnson of Chicago. A prompt and definite answer was expected. Mr. Johnson preached last Sunday and gave great satisfaction.

A most dastardly case of sneak-thieving occurred last week. Two little houses or safes of the children's mission society of the Episcopal church were broken open by somebody who broke into the church, and the contents, the accumulation of some time past, were stolen.

The Lake Superior and Mississippi branch of the Northern Pacific R. R. is doing a lively freight business. The books at the Stillwater office show the following figures, for the period between June 13th and July 1st: Flour, 1050 bushels; wheat, 37,715 bushels. Miscellaneous, about 100,000 pounds.

A well known young man of this city, hitched his horse near the Williams Hotel Sunday evening, and while he and the lady blesSED with his company were engaged in the exercises of the Episcopal service, some "few follows of the laser sort," a party of festive Swedish youths, in fact, drove off the horse and buggy. The youths treated themselves as a tearing drive, violently jolting the horse, but not seriously injuring the animal. Was anybody mad? I ask them.

Last week a convict named Smith, who has served one year, and two years more to serve, for passing counterfeit money, cut a bold threat in a fit of temperosity. He is employed in the kitchen, and concealed his knife in his person. Dr. Reiner, physician to the prison, and Dr. Miller, more fortunately close at hand, and though the external jugular vein was severed, and the man bid profusely, succeeded in saving his life. Smith has the reputation of being one of the finest men in the prison.

Fox workers—very large assortment, of all kinds at A. MELLIN'S.

JAY RICE'S CIRCUS COMING.

Of all the attractions in the world of amusement there are few who can beat rank with Dan Rice—who for a quarter of a century has been acknowledged the best clown in America. He rises head and shoulders above his fellow jesters, and in comparison all others sink to mediocrity. His wit is of that unique description which sanctions the pungency of the satire it so often conveys by its irresistible drollery. It would be well for the circus if it had more clowns like Dan Rice to lend the lustre of their wit to the entertainment of the arena.

Our people are learning to learn that Dan is coming to Stillwater, and although he is absent is close upon the heels of our nation's birthday, the grand Pavilion Circus, of which Dan is the "head centre," will be crowded to its utmost capacity both afternoon and evening. Thursday, July 11 is the day appointed for the circus to be here.

Forum of July 1. It is coming, and in order to be prepared for it so as to enjoy it largely, select some of that large assortment of Roman candles, pistols, fire crackers, and fire works of all kinds at A. MELLIN'S.

SHALL WE BE NUMBERED.

The City Council has recommended the numbering of the houses for residence and business in the thicker parts of the city. Mr. Hubbard is now down for the purpose.

The rapid growth of Stillwater, in addition to the large number of buildings already erected, renders a systematic numbering almost necessary on the principal streets. Within certain limits, every man's house and place of business may be sufficiently distinguished from its relative situation.

But when the town has reached this point of limitation, numbers are of great use in designating accurately places which many people would be unable to find only by inquiry or search.

The expense of numbering is trifling, and the system once inaugurated will add greatly to the thrifty appearance of the streets, and will prove an actual convenience. And the conveniences, it is needless to say will be more apparent every year. Indeed, a very short time will doubtless make such a system a necessity.

The New York strikers appear to have given up all hope of gaining the eight hour principle.

A dinner avenu is talked of from St. Paul to Minneapolis. At a late meeting of the City Council St. Paul a resolution was passed recommending the appointment of a committee of five to confer with a corresponding committee which Minneapolis should be invited to appoint, in regard to the opening of such an avenu.

CATHOLIC FAIR.

LARGE ATTENDANCE—LIBERAL PATRONAGE, AND SATISFACTION TO ALL CONCERNED.

The Catholic Fair, for the benefit of St. Michael's Church, to be built on Third street, opened on Monday with flattering success. Five hundred people were present Monday evening, and not less than seven hundred Tuesday evening.

The special features of the fair were set forth in the advertisements which appeared in the Mississippian of last week and need not be again enumerated.

The tables and drinkables have been all that could be desired, and many good things have been promised for the remainder of the week. Among others, roast pig, turkey, chicken &c.

Considerable voting, turkey, chicken &c. Considerable voting, turkey, chicken &c. Considerable voting, turkey, chicken &c. Considerable voting, turkey, chicken &c.

Most popular young lady—Miss Han- Suton, Miss Phoebe Greeley, Miss Lizzie Mackey, and Miss Sniecinski.

River driver—Greeley, Dunn, and Dunn.

Most popular married lady—Mrs. E. A. Folsom, Mrs. Clapp, N. Nelson and Mrs. J. S. Shortall.

Best little girl—Miss Lydia Crum,

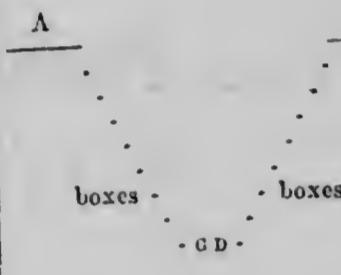
Miss Nellie Doyle, Miss Nellie McGrath, and Miss Lizzie Jordan.

NEW POST OFFICE.

Old things have passed away and some things have become new. The old post office has been left behind.

Stillwater has outgrown it. A new and commodious building recently built by Mr. Cutler, on Second Street, between Chestnut and the Sawyer House, has been secured by Mr. Cutler, and the Post Office will be established there about the 1st of August.

The first step in the process of construction by Mr. Cutler and Co. of a complete arrangement was originated by Mr. Cutler, seems well suited for the convenience of the public as well as postmaster, and he has now a model office. There are about 500 boxes arranged thus:



DOOR

The above is the bare outline of the plan, and will give a correct general idea of the interior, the dotted lines marking the rows of boxes. A shows

the money order department and for the transaction of special business with the post master. The mail bags are delivered at a side door.

G.D.

o marks the place of general delivery.

THE GERMAN FAIR.

Accrues over \$2,000.

In the description of the fair at Concord Hall, for the benefit of the New German school house, we gave sufficient detail to show that it was a great success, as well as exceedingly interesting.

The result has shown that it has been as great a success as was anticipated.

The voting contests which were spirited and lively, the following were the visitors:

Gold pen and pencil to the most popular clerk—Solen Bronson.

Shorts made to best musician—Amanda Short.

Basket of flowers to most popular girl—Miss Mary Dergisch.

Basket rich to best housekeeper—Mrs. Joe Capizzi.

Whip to one receiving most votes—Mad Brontë.

Precious parlor pin to best river driver—Miss Maley.

There were a large number of prizes drawn, the following being the numbers of the tickets drawing the most valuable ones:

No. 500—Silver ten set.

527—French parlor clock.

670—Extension dining table.

610—Parlor extra clear.

298—1 marble top table.

556—Silver water pitcher.

141—Morocco handtruck.

50—Ceruse whitout.

184—Hanging lamp.

894—Silver tea spoon.

146—Pincers.

Prizes worth credit is due to the most brilliant girls, from 8 to 12, who were so admirably drilled by Professor Schilling. Also to the vocal and instrumental music by Master Andrew Gieret, Mary Kaiser, two daughters of Mr. Schermer, and Miss Terese Alpke.

The receipts were considerably over \$2,000, and the profits are expected to fall but little short of \$2,000.

The Germans are to be congratulated on the success of the fair as well as the attractive features introduced and interest shown.

My social intercourse with all classes in the community, during a residence of nine years, was always pleasant.

I shall continue to take a deep interest in the moral and spiritual prosperity of your city. Above all, I shall rejoice to hear that a city so highly favored in commercial and social influence is rising to that lofty elevation which only the religion of Christ inspires, and which adorns the daily life with every thing that is noble and lovely.

Wishing you, personally, all prosperity, believe, dear sir, your friend most truly,

HORACE HULL.

Moxy ONCE.—The fees or rates of commission chargeable for money orders, have been modified by recent legislation, and are as follows:

Orders not exceeding \$10 5 cents.

" 20 to \$20 10 "

" 20 to \$40 20 "

" 40 to \$50 25 "

Beautiful Scotch Granite monuments from the House of Bower and Fowles, Glasgow, Scotland, are furnished by Mrs. Bower, St. Paul.

LOGS AND LUMBER.

LARGE ATTENDANCE—LIBERAL PATRONAGE, AND SATISFACTION TO ALL CONCERNED.

Transactions in logs during the past week exceed in quantity the sales at previous weeks of the month. Buyers for the lumber market are now securing their stock of logs for a year's supply fearing that the annual season of low water, will prevent logs from crossing the lower rapids.

Buyers have been in the market from Winona, Dubuque, Guttenberg, Fulton, Melvin, Rock Island, Muscatine, Burlington, Keokuk, Quince and St. Louis.

Prices remain steady, but the great variety of stock below the market makes a wide difference in values. Logs rated and fitted to go below are at \$2 to \$13 to \$15 per thousand feet.

Logs rated and extra are at \$11 to \$12 to \$13 per thousand feet.

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The Messenger.
HENRY WOODRUFF,
Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HENRY WILSON,
OF MASSACHUSETTS.
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS,
AT LARGE:
W. R. MARSHALL, of Ramsey;
CHARLES KETTLEHORN, of Fredericksburg.
FIRST DISTRICT:
CHARLES A. COE, of Boston.
SECOND DISTRICT:
M. S. CHANDLER, of Boston.
THIRD DISTRICT:
THEODORE SANIER, of Boston.

Republican State Ticket.

FOR AUDITOR:
O. P. WHITCOMB,
of Boston.
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT:
SHERWOOD HOUGH,
of Boston.

REPUBLICAN CO. CONVENTION,

A Republican County Convention will be held at the Court House in Stillwater, on Tuesday, July 11th, to elect five Delegates to the Republican Congressional Convention, which will be held in St. Paul, on Friday, July 13th.

The speakers will be Mr. J. A. Atkinson, 3. Bayliss, 1. Cottier, George, 2. Donnay, 2. Grant, 1. Latimer, 2. Marcy, 6. Nichols, 1. Nichols, 1. Nichols, 1. Nichols, 1. Stillwater Town, 1. Stillwater, 2. Woodbury, 3.

Primary meetings are requested to be held in all several towns, to elect delegates, at 7 o'clock Saturday evening, July 13th.

HENRY WOODRUFF,
Chairman Co. Committee.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARY MEETING,

A meeting of the Republican voters of this city is called to be held at the City Council rooms, at half past seven o'clock on Saturday evening, July 13th, to elect nine delegates to the County Convention for which a call appears above.

By order of City Committee.

GREELY and Brown were nominated as Presidential candidates by the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, on the 10th inst. The Cincinnati platform was adopted. Out of 372 votes that were cast Greely received 1095.

Horace Greeley the Democratic candidate for the Presidency! It is the greatest paradox of the age. It is anomaly of the century. It is a sight to make angels weep—supposing angels had a d—d—ow drop for either Greeley or the Democratic party, which probably they do not.

Business in New York City, supplied Nas, the caricaturist, with a great opportunity, which he improved. He rose to the occasion? Can he rise to this occasion? We fear not. Look here!

May it never befall us that I never was a follower of the Democratic party and lived and died in nothing but its service.—[Horace Greeley.]

If the Democratic party were called upon to decide between Greeley and myself, I know that they would give him the credit of being a good man, and the people of that conservative island are very likely to take a stand forward in the matter. It seems that a Miss J. A. Blodget, who has been very personally interested in the military, is leaning upon the subject and endeavoring to show that a legion of evils have resulted from her influence of the reformatory to women. She appears to be making considerable headway in London and other large cities in the advocacy of her cause. From present appearances we should judge that some of the model to attendants would yield to her demands as the easiest way to rid of the annoyance the reformers are causing them. It matters little what may be the existing cause that brings about such a result; provided it is accomplished, and should the British medical institutions be opened for the education of women as physicians, the native prosperity would not suffer to the probable extent caused by the learned M. D.'s of the kingdom.

"The Democratic national triumph means nothing to me, for those who deserted their seats in Congress, and their places under the last Democratic President to plough the country into the red sea of misery, and then to let them pass on like thick mud, to this compunction, why? I am a decided enemy of that party even in its most respectable aspects.—[Horace Greeley.]

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"The Democratic party is the Presidential nominee of the Democratic party!

Mrs. M. H. Dunnell was on Wednesday unanimously re-nominated for Congress by the congressional convention for the First District, held at Watonwan. A most excellent and commendable act of the convention.

THE TRIAL OF STOKES.

Stokes, the murderer of James Fisk, Jr., is now having his trial in New York. It was stayed off long as possible in order that popular sympathy for the victim and prejudices against the murderer might become abated, and that the best possible theory of defense might be elaborated.

The evidence for the prosecution has all been given, the details being substantially those with which the public was already acquainted. The defense are now endeavoring to prove that Stokes shot Fisk in self-defense; that the latter had repeatedly threatened Stokes and had even hired men to dog his footsteps; and that at the moment when Stokes fired upon him, Fisk was cocking a pistol preparatory to firing at Stokes. It is impossible at this stage of the trial to predict what the verdict will be. There is a firm belief in the minds of many people that Fisk got his just deserts, but that Stokes is an unprincipled villain entitled to little sympathy.

Whatever the fate of Stokes may be, and whatever the degree of his criminality, he did the world a service in ridding it of Fisk. The question is, shall he, under the circumstances, be hung for murder?

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVII.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1872.

NO. 45

WHAT DETERMINES THE VALUE
OF GREENBACKS?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In this age of brass it is encouraging to hear, as we do occasionally, of a different man, Mr. Lars Tollefson, of Chicago, a well knownager beer vendor, who died recently in that city, was a different man. He was a Norwegian. His celebrity, however, arose neither from his nationality nor his occupation, but from his extraordinary attitude. He was seven feet nine inches in height, and weighed 355 pounds. He received many tempting offers from speculating showmen, to travel and exhibit himself. P. T. Barnum offered him an engagement on most liberal terms, but Tollefson steadily refused to make a show of himself. Money could not tempt him. Even the dedication to his last novel, "Lord Kilgibbin," Charles Lever expressed the hope that it might be his last work. The lonely author longered to be with his departed wife who had been the pride and joy of his days.

Prince Bismarck has issued a state paper on the international copyright question. He takes the ground that every country should be permitted to print the works of foreign authors, with the allowances to them of the same copyright they receive in their own countries.

Jones Weiss certainly does not think highly of our domestic establishments that he ought to think; for he says some houses are taverns, where three times a day food can be obtained, and lunach washed on Monday, with much mangling of garments and the English language. Which is rather hard—for the English language, we mean.

Mr. Lamont has done Mr. Lincoln a "life," which is a sensation at the least. If it does not shock it cannot fail to astonish the reader that a man could consent to be gathered of so much literary garbage. If Lincoln sprouts from the mud and stink of his days in a festering pool, it was only to blossom at the last in a character beautiful as the life.

Mark Twain deserves condonement, though he finds it difficult to do so. The Federal scrip answered the purpose of the first, and increased in value as the confidence in the government's ability and willingness to redeem increased.

No one can doubt that had the U. S. government shown either an inability or a disinclination to redeem its legal tender, the confederate government issued paper money and declared it legal tender. The confederate legal tender was from the first comparatively worthless, while the Federal scrip answered the purpose of the first, and increased in value as the confidence in the government's ability and willingness to redeem increased.

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AN Indian in Detroit visited an ice cream saloon. The Free Press says: The first taste set all his teeth going and the next satisfied him that some one had put up a job on him. He landed it on the boy who sold it, and the boy melted it on the stove, and the Indian seized the dish and drank the sweet milk at one gulp, and then licked the dish.

This following note, written to the editor of the Academy of music, Minneapolis on the evening of the 6th inst., in which he called attention to a scheme for extending lake navigation from the head of Lake Superior, in Minnesota, to the Mississippi river, by means of a ship canal from the lake to Crow Wing on the Mississippi, a point near the crossing of the Northern Pacific R. R. He argued that a competing line of transportation through the Northwest to the great lakes was necessary in order to save our manufacturers, manufacturing and lumber men from the tender mercies of a wealthy railway monopoly.

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The Judge believed further that by means of such a canal from the head of the great lakes, our people could be supplied with coal, iron and copper ore, at cheap rates as they are now obtained by Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago and Milwaukee, and that the boats would not lack for valuable cargoes to return with. He thought that in consequence of this, various branches of industry would be stimulated in the Mississippi and Minnesota valleys, and the whole state greatly enriched.

The people of Minnesota, said the Judge, have in their own hands a fund adequate to this enterprise. The great Erie canal across the State of New York, that annually transports the produce of the lake to the White river and in places for several miles of the heaviest grading is completed; the pine drivers are busy along the line, and in less than four weeks we expect to see the cars running on the road between this place and the seven mile crossing. Work on the abutments to the White river bridge still progresses finely—in fact everything is working as well as possible under the circumstances.

The Judge argued the matter at greater length and with considerable force. The new paper called the *Nordostern*, is started in Minneapolis this week, with Republican principles and a subscription list of over fifteen hundred.

LITERARY NOTES.

You can now read Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" in French provided you know the language and like the poetry.

Mr. Carlyle, says a London newspaper, was offered a thousand pounds to give a description of the Derby day, with his name appended, for a country paper.

Tompson's engagement with Strahan & Co. is approaching its termination. It is said to have been a most profitable one for his publishers, at \$80,000 copies of "The Holy Grail" alone having sold.

In the dedication to his last novel, "Lord Kilgibbin," Charles Lever expressed the hope that it might be his last work. The lonely author longered to be with his departed wife who had been the pride and joy of his days.

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The people of Minnesota, said the Judge, have in their own hands a fund adequate to this enterprise. The great Erie canal across the State of New York, that annually transports the produce of the lake to the White river and in places for several miles of the heaviest grading is completed; the pine drivers are busy along the line, and in less than four weeks we expect to see the cars running on the road between this place and the seven mile crossing. Work on the abutments to the White river bridge still progresses finely—in fact everything is working as well as possible under the circumstances.

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MECHANICAL TRIUMPH.

AN INVENTION WHICH DOES AWAY WITH THE DEAD POINT IN THE CRANE.

Thomas Morton, a member of the senior class at Racine College, and resident of Racine, Wis., invented recently in that city, was a different man. He was a Norwegian. His celebrity, however, arose neither from his nationality nor his occupation, but from his extraordinary attitude. He was seven feet nine inches in height, and weighed 355 pounds. He received many tempting offers from speculating showmen, to travel and exhibit himself. P. T. Barnum offered him an engagement on most liberal terms, but Tollefson steadily refused to make a show of himself. Money could not tempt him. Even the dedication to his last novel, "Lord Kilgibbin," Charles Lever expressed the hope that it might be his last work. The lonely author longered to be with his departed wife who had been the pride and joy of his days.

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* * * THE BEAT WORK.—We have already made mention of this enterprising Schopf & Schulz Shop at St. Paul, by Mrs. Bella French. Each number continues to improve over the previous one, and such earnest and devoted work as the culture is giving for the success of her venture is deserving of success. Mr. C. S. Rice, who has lately become manager of the magazine, will be here next week to work up its success. This magazine has some important features relating to our State, that should command it to the public.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—In regard to the railroad and Ashland connection of the St. P. & E. & F. R. & St. Paul, instead of on the line of the West Wisconsin from the junction beyond Hudson, to the junction beyond Hudson, the Richmond, Wis., Republican says:

"A route for a branch line from the North Wisconsin, in the town of St. Jo, to Stillwater, will be looked out in a few days. Business is what the projectors mean."

GO TO WHEELER & DURRANT, 100½ Main Street, for choice groceries, provisions, dry goods and notions.

The Messenger.

FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1872.

MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS DAY, 1860.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The robins sang in the orchard, the buds into blossoms grew; Little of human sorrow the buds and the blossoms knew; Sick in an alien household, the poor French neutral lay; Into her lonesome garret fell the light of the April day.

Through the dusty window, curtained by the spider's web and wood, On the loose-laid floor of bencock, on the caken ribs of roof.

The bed-quilt's faded patchwork, the teacups on the stand, The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it dropped from her sick hand!

What was her song of the robin, or warm morning light, As she lay in the trance of the dying, heedless of sound or sight?

Doua was the work of hands, she had eaten her bitter bread; The work of the alien people lay behind her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its childhood; she saw the sun's overflow With gold the basin of Minas, and set over Gauder.

The low haws of ebb-tide, the rush of the sea at flood, Through inlet, and creek, and river, from dike to upland wood;

The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's rise and fall,

The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the dark coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she heard the song she sang;

And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell for vespers rang!

By the bed the hard-faced mistress sat, smoothing the wrinkled sheet, Peering into the face so helpless, and feeling the ice-cold feet.

With vague remorse stoning for her greed and long abuse, By care no longer heeded and pity too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the son of the mistress stepped, Leaning over the head-board, covering his face with his hands, and wept.

Outspake the mother, who watched him sheepishly, with brow a-frown:

"What! love you the Papist; the beggar, the charge of the town!"

Be she Papist or beggar who lies here, I know and God knows.

I love her, and fair would go with her wherever she goes:

"O, mother! that sweet face came pleading, for love so abhorred.

You saw not the town charge; I knew her God's angel at first.

Shaking his great head, the mistress hissed out a bitter cry;

And, weeping by the silence and shadow of death drawing nigh.

She murmured a psalm of the bible; but closer the young girl pressed, With the last of her life in her fingers, the cross to her breast.

"My son, come away," cried the mother, her voice crag grown, She is joined to her idols like Ephraim; let her alone!"

But he knelt with his hand on her forehead, his lips to her ear, And he called back the sot that was passing: "Marguerite, do you hear?"

She paused on the threshold of heaven; love, pity, surprise, Wistful, tender, for an instant lit up the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart in his lips he kissed her; but never her cheek grew red,

And the words the living longed for he spoke in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds to blossoms grew; Of the folded hands and the stiff face never the robins knew.

—The Atlantic.

THE HISTORY OF A PENNY.

A FABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

In the mint where all our pounds shillings and pence are made, there once was a gold ducat and a penny just coined. There they lay, shining and clean, close together on a table, and the bright rays of the sun danced and sparkled on them.

Then said the sovereign to the penny, "You lump get away from me. You are only made of common copper, and not worthy of the sunlight that shines upon you. You will soon be lying all black and dirty on the ground, and no one will take the trouble of picking you up. I am made of costly gold. I shall travel about in the world with great lords and ladies; I shall do great things, and perhaps some day shine in the Emperor's crown."

In the same room there lay by the fire an old gray cat. When he heard this his flicked paw very thoughtfully, turned himself around on the other side, and said, "Some things go by the rule of contrary."

And so it proved with the two pieces of money. It turned out the very contrary to what the gold ducat expected.

It fell into the possession of an old miser, who locked it up in a great chest, where it lay idle and useless with hundreds of others like itself. But when the miser found that he should not live much longer he buried all his money in the ground that no one might get it, and there lies the proud ducat to this day, dirty and black, and no one will ever find it.

But the penny traveled far about in the world and came to high honor. And this is how it happened:

First one of the poor boys in the mint received it with his wages.

He carried it home, and as his little sister was so delighted with the clean shining penny, he gave it to her.

The child ran out into the garden to show it to her mother, and saw a poor lame beggar passing by who begged for a piece of bread.

"I have not got any," said the child.

"Then give me a penny to buy some," said the beggar, and the child gave him her new penny.

The beggar limped off to the baker's. Just as he came to the shop, an old friend of his passed by dressed as a pilgrim, with manta, staff and scrip. He gave to some children, who were standing around the baker's door, pictures of good and holy men, and the children in return put some money into the little box he had in his hand.

The beggar asked, "Where are you traveling to?"

The pilgrim answered, "Almy hundred miles away, to the city of Jerusalem, where the Holy Christ dwelt and died. I wish to offer up my prayers at his grave, and to decon my brother, who is a prisoner in the hands of the Turks. It is for this purpose that I beg for money."

"Then take a mite toward it from me," said the pilgrim, and he gave his penny to the beggar, and would have gone away as hungry as he came had not the baker, who saw all that had passed, given him the loaf which he wished to buy.

And now the pilgrim wandered through many lands, and went in a ship far over the sea to the holy city of Jerusalem. When he arrived here he first offered up his prayers at the sepulchre of the Holy Christ, and then went to the Turkish Sultan who kept his brother a prisoner. He offered the Turk a large sum of money if he would set his brother free. But the Sultan wanted more.

The pilgrim said, "I have nothing more to offer you but this copper penny, which was given to me by a poor hungry beggar out of compassion. May you also have as much as he did, and this copper penny will secure you a reward."

Then the Sultan put the copper penny in his pocket, and after a little while forgot all about it. Now it happened that after a time the Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to fight against the Sultan. So the Sultan fought bravely at the head of his army, and was never wounded. But one day an arrow was aimed at his breast. It struck him, indeed, but glanced off from his clothes without wounding him. The Emperor was very much surprised, and when his clothes were examined after the battle, the arrow was found in the pen of a dove that was perched on a branch of a tree, and this was the cause of his being unharmed. Now Mr. Guyot has discovered a method of trapping evil worms by thorns and needles. It comes about in this wise: In a field of turnips he was much troubled with the worms destroying the plants. Thinking they might be baited, he cut some green clover, wadded it up into small hills and distributed it among the hills of tomatoes, and found the worms would collect about them, and then go into the turnips and eat them. This was a tool from the bag of tricks that falls the number of 37, 68, 70 and 72. He has experimented with various poisons mixed with the clover to destroy them, and at last took boiling water, pouring it over and about these weeds, in that way destroying 15,000 in a single day.

St. Joseph, Mich., is again the theatre of another wonderful discovery in the way of destruction to insect enemies. It will be remembered that last year Mr. Ranck discovered the chip trap for catching butterflies. Now Mr. Guyot has discovered a method of trapping evil worms by thorns and needles. It comes about in this wise: In a field of turnips he was much troubled with the worms destroying the plants. Thinking they might be baited, he cut some green clover, wadded it up into small hills and distributed it among the hills of tomatoes, and found the worms would collect about them, and then go into the turnips and eat them. This was a tool from the bag of tricks that falls the number of 37, 68, 70 and 72. He has experimented with various poisons mixed with the clover to destroy them, and at last took boiling water, pouring it over and about these weeds, in that way destroying 15,000 in a single day.

The general condition of the business of the country, though affording no grounds for complaint, is suffering, first from the slow progress of the Alabama negotiations; second, from the excitement attending the Presidential campaign; third, from an excessive supply of imported goods; fourth, by strikes among almost every class of operatives; threatening serious derangement of trade and depression of business.

On the other side of the prospect, there is promise of abundant crops. The cotton crop, in particular, promises well. Unless unfavorable weather sets in, which is not probable, there will be a yield of not less than 4,000,000 bales.

The decrease of the public debt in May was \$1,220,000 78.

Decrease from March 1st to June 1st, \$32,293,119 04.

Decrease of debt from March 1st, 1869 to March 1st, 1872, \$290,440,762 03.

Whole of present debt, \$2,193, 617,978 24.

The Messenger.

TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1872.

EVERY SIMPLE.

How did I know she loved me?
I opened the door,
And sunlight flashed from her
and o'er;
Sudden it broke,
Before I spoke,
From forehead and eyes, and trem-
bling lips.
From even the delicate finger-tips,
That she laid on my hands so free!
How did I know that I loved her?
I opened the door,
And must be troubled through me o'er
and o'er;
Sudden it woke,
Before she spoke,
In head and heart, and bewildered
brain,
So sweet, so sweet, was it almost
pain,
As I gave my hand to her.

—Anne C. Brackatt.

WISHES.

Do Nell she wants a pony
To ride down the lane;
And Ned a gallant vessel
To sail across the main.
Now Grandpa has neither,
But offers each a knife;
And one shall be an Arab steed,
And one a ship at sea.

HOW A LETTER WENT TO PAPA.

Little Tiny Leigh came in and stood on tiptoe by the escribore where Aunt Sime sat writing. As she did so a very small rose-bud of a mouth made itself apparent above the line of the desk at auntie's right, and a piping little voice, proceeding from it, demanded, "Wat do you want?"

"Writing letters," responded auntie, who, with a bunch of envelopes and a quire of paper before her, was very deep in the business indeed. Then a fat, dimpled finger stole cautiously up and touched a Minnie pile.

"One, two, free, four, amen!" counted Tiny, who always cherished the belief that "amen" stood for a full stop, and made use of it accordingly.

"Wat you write letters for auntie?" "O, to send to my friends," replied auntie, bending over her work, and speaking in a voice that seemed to issue from her eyebrows. "Wer is your feuds?" persevered the child.

"Everywhere," said auntie, who happened to be writing the word at the moment.

"Does letters go ev'where?" "Yes," responded auntie absently.

"Would a letter go to papa?" "Yes," said auntie again, who by this time was in the very heat of a brilliant description, and did not know in the least what she was talking about.

"How does letters go?" pursued Tiny. But auntie did not hear. "How does letters go?" urged she again, this time touching auntie's elbow by way of experiment. The experiment, so far as auntie was concerned, resulted in a bold upward stroke, at an acute angle with the last "hair line," and she looked up really out of patience at last.

"O, Tiny," said she, "what a little-mie!" but she stopped suddenly. There was such a look of appeal in the soft blue eyes fixed anxiously upon her, that she could not find it in her heart to visit any indignation on the small, golden head, so she only kissed the rosy mouth and said, "Auntie is very busy now, darling, and you must not disturb her. Another day she will talk to you just as much as you wish. Here! added she, seeing the look of disappointment that stole over the sunny face; "see! I will make a letter of you and send you to mama."

"So she took a postage stamp out of her little drawer, and parting the flossy curls, pasted it right in the centre of Tiny's smooth, white forehead.

"I don't know how letters goes, said the baby girl chuckling de-lightedly. "Does they fly?"

"Letters don't goes," said auntie laughing, "they go, through the post office. Now run along and put yourself in a postoffice some where, and mamma will be sure to find you!"

"O, yes! I know, I saw it—the possefice—one and mamma—one day. It's down the corner and round the abutment."

So she trotted off across the broad library floor, out into the hall, and Aunt Sime, having heard the door close behind her, returned to her writing.

Out in the hall Tiny stood still. A great thought came to her. "I will go to papa," said she to herself. Papa was gone away. He had been gone, O such a long, long time! She could only just remember faintly, like a dream, some sort, loving brown eyes, and a gentle voice that called her "little daughter." The rooms were very dark one time, and a strange black box, covered with flowers, was carried out of the door, and had never come back any more. Never once, though she had run through the garden crying out "I want papa! I want papa!" many a day. But now she could go to him. They told her he was gone to God, but was she not a letter now, and had not auntie said that letters could go everywhere? And if she could only get into the "possefice," papa would be sure to find her. Yes, she would go to papa! There stood the hat rack with her own small jockey hanging upon it. So with all her strength she pushed

forward one of the great hall chairs, climbed up, and secured her hat, put it on his hindmost, poor little Tiny (—and opening the door went out into the busy street).

Twenty minutes afterward Aunt Sime, having finished her letters, crossed the hall and noticed the dimmed oil-lamp, missing jewel, and the small child could not move. Every moment the clerk at the post-office heard a little piping voice, and, looking down, saw a strange sight—a tiny creature, no more than three years old, it seemed, with jockey-hat awry, its sweeping plume tangling with golden curls, a postage-stamp shining conspicuously in the center of a polished forehead, and wistful blue eyes turned up to him, glistening with a great hope.

"I want to go to papa," said the child.

The clerk smiled. "Where is your papa?"

"Gone to God," said Tiny solemnly.

The smile died out. They had sent many odd parcels to strange directions through that office, but never one to that address, thought he.

"I am a letter, and I want to go to papa," pleaded the child, her yearning eyes still fastened on his face.

"What is your name?" said the clerk.

At that moment a blustering business man, bound on the reflexes of some grievance, pressed forward and crushed her aside; she was drawn into the current of protest, passing in at one door and out at another, and before she could say another word, found herself in the street again.

There she stood irresolute. Her heart ached with disappointment, the passers-by jostled and bewildered her; she began to be afraid, and her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly there was a great outcry. The frightened crowd fled into doorways. A pair of runaway horses came dashing down the street! The people on the crossings rushed to the sidewalk. No one heard a feeble, wailing cry. A great, burly boy with a basket on his arm, pressing forward in blind speed, found something in his pathway and bore it down. Then it was all over. The mad horses were driven down the street and far away. The relieved pedestrians came out from their places of refuge. Only one did not "move on."

A little, lifeless figure, with wide open blue eyes, long, soft, golden curls sweeping the curbstone, and dimpled hands thrown out, lay where it had fallen. The jockey had rolled from her head, his blue feather was dragged in the dust, but the postage-stamp still clung to the shining forehead. The crowd looking on waited it with curious eyes. It had done its work well. "Ah! me! the little letter had gone safely to papa," and to God.—Our Young Folks for Ju-

THE BUTTER TRADE.

Few people have a just idea of the immense amount of capital invested in the butter trade. According to statistics, the dairy products of the United States aggregate in value \$600,000,000 annually. From official sources, the total sales of dairy products in the United States for 1870—8,963,932 cows, was: Butter, 514,092,683 pounds, at an average of 30 cents per pound, or \$171,364,230; cheese, 53,492,153 pounds, exclusive of factory product, statistics of which are not at hand, at an average of 15 cents per pound, or \$8,062,382,29; milk, 235,569,559 gallons, at an average of 30 cents per gallon, or 70,652,870.70; making a grand total of 245,818,388. This is exclusive of the enormous amount consumed by producers that cannot be reckoned, as it goes into consumption without sale or account, and can only be estimated. This, with the increase of production since 1870, is \$600,000,000, which, without statistics given, might seem too high. The butter trade in New York centres in Orange county to a considerable extent, furnishing this city over half a million pounds during the season of six months. Probably there is not a trade of the same magnitude that is so wholly without organization as the butter trade and has so many errors and abuses.

TIME TO CUT TIMBER.—Lew Baker, in the Cincinnati Gazette, says that the best time to cut timber in order to insure durability, is from October 10 to December 10. He has rails in use cut between these dates in 1844, still in a perfect state of preservation, while other rails made in 1862, cut in March and April, are badly decayed. His theory for the difference, is that in the latter case the timber was full of sap, while in the other case it was dry, hard and free from sap. The value of this experience is marred by the failure to name the kinds of wood, and whether or not the timber was denuded of its bark in either case. Rails or posts made in the spring and carefully peeled, will last much longer than those made without peeling, no matter what the season. In Mr. Baker's case it is probable that neither was peeled which would account for the result he details. No timber exposed to the weather should ever be allowed to retain the bark, and to pool it retain the spring is the best season for the work.

UNCLE CASPER'S WOLF DOG.

For the Messenger.

The early settlers of Ohio were bothered by wolves. They were especially destructive of sheep, and in spite of all their precautions the farmers lost a good many out of their flocks. My grandfather heard of a breed of dogs in whose duplex nature existed an irrepressible antagonism for wolves and a protective disposition toward sheep. The dogs were represented to be very intelligent and faithful as watch dogs, powerful of frame, and very swift runners. They were owned by a German known as Uncle Casper, who lived about twelve miles from my grandfather's house. He was very enthusiastic about his dogs and laid particular stress upon their locomotive powers. Grandfather proposed that he should take one on trial, should bring him into proximity with a wolf, and if the result was satisfactory should purchase him for ten dollars. Uncle Casper reluctantly ratified his proposition on various pretexts, but at length consented. So grandfather took the dog.

A week later Casper called to ascertain the result of the trial.

"Good dog, hey?" he inquired anxiously.

"Yes," said grandfather, "very good dog."

Dr. Payson was sick, & a friend said, "I am sorry to see you here lying on your back." "Do you know what God puts us on our backs for?" said Dr. Payson. "No." "In order that we may look upward!"

Dr. Payson was sick, & a friend said, "I am sorry to see you here lying on your back."

"Good dog, hey?" he inquired anxiously.

"Yes," said grandfather again,

"took him out day before yesterday."

"Der woolf raskle—was he, ah, ~~yes~~—possible to him?" inquired Casper, again anxious.

"Yes," said grandfather, "we found a wolf."

"He roon, roon like der tuyvel, hey?"

"O, yes," said grandfather, "the raskle like the devil, certainly."

Casper filled his short clay pipe, and chuckled with delight.

"Yah, Yah, run like der tuyvel, But der dog he be der better race horse, hey?"

"Well, yes," said grandfather,

"It looked doubtful for a while.

In fact, it was about nipp and tuck between 'em, but the dog managed to keep a little ahead. He hasn't been out since."

The German's lower jaw dropped somewhat less than a foot. Then his anger rose.

"He turn tail, hey? he no show what's ev'ry?"

Catching sight of the object of his wrath, he hurried a club at him with such violence that the poor dog gave up the ghost at once.

Gazing raptfully at the lifeless body, he shook his head mournfully. "He no turn tail again," he said; and swiftness the lifeless sausages.

Not long afterward it was observed that the ceiling of Casper's cabin was festooned with very nice sausages.

HINTS FOR HARD TIMES.

Credit never permits a man to have full control over his affairs. It presents all of his expenses in the aggregate and not detail. Every one has more or less the miser's love of money—the actual gold pieces and the crisp money. Now if you have these things in your pocket you see them as you make your purchases, visibly diminishing under your eye. The lessening head cries you to stop. You would like to buy this, that and the other, but you know exactly how much money you have left, and if you go on buying more things your purse will soon be empty. You do not see this when you take credit. You give your orders freely without thought or calculation; and when the day of payment comes you find you have overrun the constable. On every hand we see people living on credit and putting off pay-day to the last, making in the end some desperate effort, either by begging or borrowing, to scrape the money together, to the inevitable goal of bankruptcy. If people would only make a push at the beginning, instead of the end, they would save themselves all this misery. The great secret of being solvent and well to do and comfortable, is to get ahead of your expenses. Eat and drink this month what you earned last month—not what you are going to earn next month. There are, doubt, many persons so unfortunately situated that they can never accomplish this. No man can guard against ill-health; no man can insure himself a well-conducted, helpful family, or a permanent income. There will always be people who cannot help their misfortunes. But, as a rule, these misfortunes are far less trouble to society than those in higher position who bring their misfortunes on themselves by deliberate recklessness and extravagance. You may help a poor, honest, struggling man to some purpose. But, as a rule, these misfortunes are far less trouble to society than those in higher position who bring their misfortunes on themselves by deliberate recklessness and extravagance. You may help a poor, honest, struggling man to some purpose. But, as a rule, these misfortunes are far less trouble to society than those in higher position who bring their misfortunes on themselves by deliberate recklessness and extravagance.

BERNARD MONTMAY.

E. H. MORSE,

David Stillwater, July 1, 1872.

H. E. MORSE

The Messenger.

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1872.

LOCAL NEWS.

NEWS NIBBLES.

The large new hotel to be erected by Mr. Baldwin, at the depot, above Hudson, has been commenced.

Foss, Anderson & Co. have sold the last two of those elegant jump seat Buggies to Messrs. Pennington and Son, Register.

Frank Mead, the old newspaper man and traveling correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune, was in the city this week.

Mr. J. E. Sulzheim has added another to his goal and enterprise movements by procuring an splendid Steinway piano for Concert Hall.

We are informed that Rev. Mr. Johnson, who preached in the Episcopal church a couple of weeks ago, has accepted the call to become the pastor of that church.

Rev. J. A. Russell, of Davenport, Iowa, formerly of this city has been visiting his friends in Stillwater for several days, and preached last Sunday in the Episcopal church.

Mr. Hank O. Field, of the Ashland Press, was in the city yesterday, on his way from Ossian with his family and that of his brother, Sam, Field, to their new home at Ashland.

The new stone wing of Staples' mill, for the gang saw, already described in the Minnesota, as well as the smoke stack, is rapidly approaching completion. When it is finished and engine put in the capacity of this mill will be doubled.

The position of ladies for a sidewalk on the west side of Third street, from the Nelson grade to Walnut street, has been granted by the City Council. Sidewalks are also ordered on the north side of Pine street from Third street to Wm. May.

John Whiteside has been given the contract for the plastering of the fine new residence of Mr. Louis Hayes, and a good job it will be for Mr. Whiteside to understand his business. He can do plastering of any kind well and at lowest rates.

Messrs. H. B. Prince and G. W. French have bought the store of J. C. Schleifer, the Sawyer House block, and will continue the business under the firm name of Prince & French. They are reliable and enterprising business men, and we are gratified to hail their acquisition to the business firms of our city.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican primary meeting was held in this city on Saturday evening, when Messrs. H. R. Murdoch, Wm. McElroy, J. E. Schleifer, Andrew Olson, John McKeeve, E. G. Butts, Joseph Schupp, Fayette Marsh, and D. M. Sabin, were appointed delegates to the Republican

STATE CONVENTION, which was held at the Court House on Tuesday afternoon, July 16th. Hon. Samuel Forder of Cottage Grove was elected Chairman of the County Convention, and Henry Woodruff Secretary.

A committee on credentials was appointed and made its report which was adopted, after which Messrs. Orange Walker of Marine, J. E. Schleifer, Andrew Olson of Stillwater, Samuel Forder of Cottage Grove, and L. A. Linton of Lakewood, were appointed delegates to the Congressional Convention of the Third District, in St. Paul on Thursday.

Delegates were authorized to appoint substitutes, and to fit all vacancies in the delegation.

The convention then adjourned.

A U.S. book—Mr. Chas. T. Clark will immediately proceed to canvass the city for the purpose of introducing a book which undoubtedly contains a large amount of valuable information. It is entitled "The Minnesota Presidential Campaign Book." The Master Spirit of the World, and the American Citizen's Treasure House."

The information is such as every citizen naturally desires to be possessed of, and a volume of this kind in the house is always accessible for reference. It is abundantly illustrated, and a table of contents alphabetically arranged enables the reader to turn readily to any of the topics treated of in the volume.

THE OPERA.—We have only time and space to notice that the opera "Laurel and Hardy," presented by the Fabriano Italian Opera Company, assisted by St. Paul vocalists and musicians, was a great success as well as one of the rarest musical treats ever given in this city. Concert Hall was filled and it was a feast long to be remembered by musical lovers.

GRANITE, MARBLE, &c.—Among the most desirable features of the new residence of Mr. Isaac Staples, described in last week's Messenger, are the elegant grates and mantles put in by Mr. J. E. Testevin, of the well known Minnesota Steel, Marble and Granite Works, St. Paul.

Nothing can be more cheerful, healthful and desirable of a winter's night, as well as more ornamental to a room as an article of furniture, than an open fire place.

And while so much building is going on in St. Paul, those erecting residence should be sure to it that this feature, which is a luxury as well as a comfort, should not be omitted. No one who has tried it would willingly be without an open fire, if they can afford it, even though there are heating stoves in the houses also.

It is worth while, at all events, to go into Mr. Testevin's establishment, at the corner of Eighth and Robert streets, and look at his stoves and samples.

And, by the way, Mr. Testevin with his superior advantages for manufacturing furnishes all kinds of marble work at rates which defied competition.

BOOK KEEPER.—A competent accountant desires a set of books to keep—time occupied not to exceed three hours daily. Address "Book-keeper," Box 301, Stillwater, Minn. July 19th.

STILLWATER AS A MANUFACTURING CENTRE.

ITS ADVANTAGES OVER OTHER POINTS FURTHER DOWN.

WHAT NATURE HAS DONE FOR IT.

WHAT A WELL DIRECTED INDUSTRY CAN DO.

FACTS, FIGURES AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF PRACTICAL MEN.

NOTES ON THE STATE'S ORIGIN A BETTER POSITION FOR SHIPS AND TRADE.

ABOUT TWO HUNDRED OF THE PEOPLE OF STILLWATER MEASURED THEIR WAY TOWARD THE DEPOT ABOUT 7 O'CLOCK WEDNESDAY MORNING, FOR A PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL TIME OUT TO WHITE BEAR LAKE.

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The Messenger.
HENRY WOODRUFF,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

Republican Nominations.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF ILLINOIS.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HENRY WILSON,
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.
AT LARGE:
J. R. MARSHALL, of Boston;
CHARLES RITTERSON, of Fredericksburg;

PURCHASE DISTRICT:
CHARLES A. COB, of Marion;
SECOND DISTRICT:
M. S. CHANDLER, of New Haven;
THIRD DISTRICT:
THEODORE BANCER, of New Haven.

Republican State Ticket.

FOR SENATOR:
O. P. WHITCOMB,
of Boston.
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT:
SHERWOOD Hough,
of Boston.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

For Representative in Congress from
the Third District,
GEN. J. T. AVERILL.

INDIAN TROUBLES.

Two Indian brothers, who were under arrest for outraging and murdering Miss McArthur, were taken from jail at Brainerd, by several hundred people on Tuesday night, and hung to a tree. Between two and two hundred Indians appeared Wednesday in front of the town, and threatened vengeance.

Gov. Austin was telegraphed to from the scene of action.

A shrewd old namesake was interrogated the other day as follows: "What do you think of this Greeley matter?" "I think it is like a young robin—biggest when first hatched!" That's the whole story in an egg shell.

The New York *Commercial*, in speaking of Greeley's attendants says: "Go where he is sure to be attended by men notorious as traitors, swindlers and jobbers. Look at his acquaintances at the Glenview Hotel any day, and you will see scores of idlers there who, if they had their dues, would be doing the state service at Auburn or Sing Sing. Well may the country be alarmed. If the character of the men who have Greeley's car could only be brought home to our people, there would be fear and trembling in the land."

From the New York *World*: "Jan. 2. It is utility, not uncertainty, that causes so lively an interest in the proceedings at Baltimore. It is the same kind of interest on which Banquo, the prince of Joburgs, has always, so absurdly practised 'Joyent Heid,' and 'die woolly house,' and the 'Woolly family,' and 'Kentucky giant,' and the 'fat woman,' did not attract spectators because they puzzled the calculations of the public, but because they seemed extraordinary and monstrous. In a great billiard match, or a remarkable horse race, the whole interest of the betting fraternity hangs upon the uncertainty of the result. But in all of Banquo's handbagging exhibitions, the interest depends on the surprise felt by vulgar minds in beholding something unusual."

Banquo, the prince of Joburgs, never offered anything quite so odd and monstrous as the entertainment which has been arranged at Baltimore for the present week. The public mind is not tossed between conflicting possibilities, for nobody expects any other result than the nomination of Greeley; but the interest which is worked up to so high a pitch subsists upon the wondering incredulity of the public. Of all the strange things which have ever happened, what can seem more extraordinary than the nomination of Horace Greeley as the regular Democratic candidate for President? It is being already certain that the thing will be done, the country watches the process with the same kind of interest it would feel in watching a hungry anaconda about to swallow a stag—boots, bronching horns, and all—when it would nearly cost the anaconda her life to perform thefeat, to say nothing of pains of digestion afterward.

Such a fit of digestion will be performed, at Baltimore, tomorrow or next day, when the Democratic party will go down Mr. Greeley; and as this amazing meal has been decided on, we can only wish the Democratic party a happy digestion. The *World* will contribute no time to give the animal a slippery passage down the throat of the duodenum; but when the thing is done, it will do whatever may be in its power to aid the digestion, and prevent the Democratic party going into torpid and prolonged stupor by reason of the heavy load upon its stomach. We trust there may be vigorous work, and the party to digest this monstrous meal, as come forth afterwards, as well as could be expected."

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVII.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1872.

NO. 47

THE LOST PARADISE—HOW IT IS
TO BE REGAINED.

REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL
CONVENTION.

The following is the platform adopted by the Congressional Convention for the Third District, held at St. Paul last week, which re-nominated Gen. J. T. Averill. The convention was a very enthusiastic and harmonious one:

Whereas, we cordially agree with Horace Greeley, in the declaration made by him last year, that "A Democratic party is the means of restoration to power of those who deserve it." They wandered among thorns and thistles during the remainder of lives, and they transmuted to remote posterity the regretful longing with which, for the rest of their pilgrimage on earth, their hearts were filled.

For ages the race has been looking for and sighing for a restoration to its lost estate, for that promised era of peace, plenty, and general happiness, in a long period of Edens-like existence for the sorrowing human family; the unlucky numbers of which have for many generations wandered among the thorns and thistles, and eaten their bread in sweat and bitterness.

Will the glad era so devoutly wished for ever come? The natural eye can see no sign in the sky indicating of its immediate approach.

The eye of faith even sometimes wavers and droops in its endeavors to pierce the veil that still enshrouds the gates of Paradise. Still we go on, struggling, suffering, fainting, hoping.

Occasionally a prophet arises and declares that the time is at hand; that Satan is to be stripped of his diabolical power; that black corruption is to be superseded by shining virtue, and that, in short, the Prince of Peace is to begin his reign of a thousand years.

This is a suggestion of thought, or rather of the monotheistic, and among others of the monotheistic, and it is but a step, you know, from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The Democratic party was P— we shall say power or Paradise! Politically the terms are synonymous, so we will use the initial in its comprehensive sense. The Democratic party was in P. Evil entered and the Democratic party became demoralized. In fact, owing to a singular concatenation of unfavorable circumstances, the Democratic party lost its P, and its unduly numbers have worked for ten years or so among the thorns and thistles, and eaten their bread in sweat and bitterness.

Resolved, By the Republicans of this district, in convention assembled, that we still steadfastly abide by, and heartily espouse and defend the principles, framed by Horace Greeley on Saturday last for the New York Republican State Convention in 1861, and that

Whereas, Nothing has occurred to us to change our mind, and that our Democratic less worth of confidence, or the Democratic party less worthy of distrust in 1871, than

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The Messenger.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1872.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A THAT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"A man's a man," said Robert Burns.
"For a' that and a' that?"

But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that."

The loon who sits by lonely woe,
Yet calls no man a' that."

Or says what he means even his bread,

Is a' that for a' that?

And all who live on honest fare

Were true and brave, and a' that,

And whose whose girth is 'shoulder gray,'

Was fool and knave, and a' that,

The vee and crime that shame one due

Would fail and fall, and a' that,

And plowmen be so good a' that,

And chores as e'er, and a' that,

You see you blithely, and a' that,

What you do, and a' that,

And thinks becomes his strong right arm,

Might fail a' that, and a' that?

That's he's no noble man, for a' that,

As dink and dand, and a' that;

He's got a broad, beyond compare,

Another a man for a' that.

A man may own a logo estate,

Have a palace, park, and a' that,

And not for birth, but honest worth,

The birth of birth, and a' that,

And virtuous leading on the stair,

Who leads his wife, and a' that,

Be nothing but a nassal bair,

Nor half a man for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,

Thee makes the king a' pretender,

And not his crown, and a' that;

A man with man, if rich or poor,

The best is he for a' that,

Who stands erect in self-respect,

And acts the man for a' that.

LOVE SICKNESS — AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

HOW IT OPERATED IN THE CASES OF TWO YOUNG MEN NAMED JAMES.

For the Messenger.

It is a fact well demonstrated by experience, that ridicule is one of the most effectual remedies known for that distressing and somewhat prevalent disease called love-sickness.

The writer once had the satisfaction of seeing this antidote administered to a young man whose whole being was permeated by the subtle poison of love. He had it bad, James did. A sensible fellow in the main, he softened terribly under the influence of passion which he had conceived for a lady considerably his senior, and wholly unsuited to his refined and sensitive temperament. James parents opposed the match, their action in the matter passing from mild remonstrance to authoritative interference, all of which served only to confirm the wretched youth, in his agonizing infatuation. In despair the parents sent for James' uncle Thomas, entreating him to use his influence upon the unhappy youth. Uncle Thomas came. He was a shrewd man, well up in the ways of good society, overflowing with humor, capable of being very sarcastic. James thought very highly of his uncle Thomas. Uncle Thomas did not let on that he knew anything about the state of his nephew's feelings toward the lady whom we will designate, and in a general way described, by the appellation of Cauliflower. He worked it in this way: Taking James out to walk with him, he contrived to meet Miss Cauliflower on the street.

"My stars!" exclaimed uncle Thomas, turning round to gaze after the lady. "What a gait! Who is she? wallabies like a duck. Who is she?"

James, whose face was scarlet, a circumstance which his uncle pretended not to notice, replied that the lady was a Miss Cauliflower.

"Very appropriately named," said uncle Thomas. "Common stock. I can tell a low-bred woman, James, the moment I set my eyes on her. Now did you notice that girl's feet?"

James replied in the negative.

"Probably not. You are not old enough to take in all these points at a glance, as an old stage like me has a habit of doing. That girl, James, has the foot of a hooligan. It is as flat as a pancake. I shouldn't wonder if she was web-footed." Joe! exclaimed uncle Thomas, with a shudder, how a man must feel to be tied to such a woman for life! Then he changed the subject and appeared to have entirely forgotten Miss Cauliflower.

Sunday came, and uncle Thomas was seated by his nephew in church. They were rather early; and uncle Thomas amused himself by observing the people as they came in. Suddenly he nudged his nephew.

"There she is again, Good Lord!

"I see that girl, she is what a sight, James, sir!"

Miss Cauliflower walked down the aisle and seated herself in the pew immediately behind them.

"I hope she won't try to sing," whispered uncle Thomas, who was an excellent singer.

"She sings merrily," said James,

"and I dare say she will to-day."

"I'll bet my hat," said uncle Thomas, "that she will squeak like a hen. I know by the looks of her that she can't sing. What possessed her to take the pew just back of us?"

The hymn was given out, and the congregation wrestled with it.

Uncle Thomas nudged his nephew.

"Don't tell her she couldn't sing," he whispered.

James was obliged to acknowledge that Miss Cauliflower squeaked like a hen. He realized it for the first time. The next day uncle Thomas went away. He said nothing which led James to suspect that he knew the truth.

When he was gone James again sought the society of Miss Cauliflower, but the spell was broken. That awkward gait, those fat feet, that unmanly voice, offended him. His eyes were open. The favor left him, and he conversed very rapidly.

In the above instance it was the duchess upon whom the ridicule fell. The treatment was adapted to the case. But there is another phase of the disease, in finding that the victim is cured by finding that he himself is being made a laughing stock of. It would be well if all love-lorn swains who meditate destruction, could be dealt with as was the young man named James whose solitary experience we find recorded in the Cincinnati Evening Star, as follows:

A FRENCH SUICIDE.
AS OFTEN AS TRUE.

TO MAN IS GIVEN THE CHART OF ALL LIVES; BUT HIS VOYAGE IS FROM THE DIMINISHING SHORES OF EXISTENCE TO THE FARthest SHORE OF ETERNITY.

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Lake Superior & Mississippi
Division, Northern Pacific Railroad.

Direct Route to St. Paul, St. Anthony, Minneapolis, Chaska and Carver.

Brauned, Moorhead and points on Northern Pacific R. R. and Red River, Duluth, Lake Superior and lower Lake ports and all Points East.

Favorite Summer Route between the Northwest and East.

Three Trains daily each way.

Between Stillwater and St. Paul, trains leave the following:

On and after Monday May 29th, trains will run daily except as follows:

St. Paul, Train No. 1, leaves at 7 A.M. and arrives at Stillwater at 8:30 A.M. Train No. 2, leaves at 1 P.M. and arrives at Stillwater at 2:30 P.M. Train No. 3, leaves at 4 P.M. and arrives at Stillwater at 5:30 P.M.

Return Trains leave from Stillwater at 8:30 A.M., 2:30 P.M. and 5:30 P.M.

For information apply to Agent or Ticket Agents.

W. S. ALEXANDER, Gen. Ticket Agent.

St. Paul, Stillwater & Taylors Falls Railroad.

Arrives at Taylors Falls at 12 M.

Leaves Taylors Falls at 1 P.M.

Arrives at Stillwater at 2 P.M.

Leaves Stillwater at 3 P.M.

Arrives at Taylors Falls at 4 P.M.

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The Messenger.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1872.

LOCAL NEWS.

STRAY NOTES.

Mr. W. S. Conard, on Friday night last returned from his Eastern trip.

Dan Fry stands guard as usual at the "Iron Clad" on the corner with choice cigars and cooling drinks.

Business men say that July, August and February are the dull months of the year.

A very pretty love story by our young lady contributor "Dolly Varden," has been received, and will appear in next week's Mississippian.

Perry McLaughlin is going into business; if you don't believe it observe his new block on Second street, nearly opposite the Sawyer House.

Mary Polly, a boy about nine years of age, who lives near the junction of the St. Paul, Stillwater & Taylors Falls Railroad, had his nose badly broken on Friday last by being kicked by a horse.

Rav. Wm. G. Haskell, pastor of the Universalist Church, is giving a series of readings on Sunday evenings, at that church, consisting of prose and poetry from the best authors.

To the uninitiated it is a question how the farmers can act in these days, on the good old adage of "make hay while the sun shines." The sun doesn't shine as regularly as it did a couple of years ago.

Two Stillwater people have been delighted with two evenings of the McRee Rankin Comedy Company. The talented actor, Mr. Rankin, appeared on both Monday and Tuesday evenings in his great character of "Peter Van Winkle." Little "Barefoot" was on the bill.

Wix Fox wrote his popular poem "The Bells," he was evidently oblivious of cow bells; or perhaps he did not think them suitable to be put into verse. Now we could make some poetry about cow bells, if we chose, that would mean something. But perhaps it would be better to say in plain prose that the dwellers in the outskirts of the city, the incessant tintinnation of a dozen or more cow bells day and night is an intolerable nuisance which the Mayor ought to be informed of and invited to his finger upon.

LOGS AND LUMBER.

Transactions in logs during the present week have been limited. But few buyers have been in the market. There is a large quantity of logs ready to go forward but detained for want of men to man them, labor being extremely high in the harvested fields and men can afford to pay, and a state of affairs will do much to embarrass the harvest as it is gathered, it will embarrass the market of lumber at the present price paid for taking it to market.

The boom is turning out nearly or quite two million feet of logs per day. As the water in the St. Croix is falling fast fears are entertained that a large portion of the logs now in the boom may get stranded, and consequently lay over until we get another rise of water.

With the exception of choice, long white pine logs, all stocks on hand is good, embracing all grades, from \$8 per thousand feet, up to \$12. Ordinary logs are plenty, and held at from \$8 to \$9 per thousand feet, rafted along Norway's, of the best grade are in demand, but little for sale.

Shipments during the week include one raft to Keator & Wilson, Rock Island.

Two to L. C. Dessaix, Davenport. One to L. Davis & Co., Davenport. Two to Weyerhaeuser & Co., Rock Island.

One to Chambers Bros. & Co., Muscatine.

One to A. Becker & Co., St. Louis.

Two to H. S. Parker & Co., St. Louis.

One to Duncan, Hosford & Co., Burlington.

One to Youmans Bros., Winona.

One to Fleming, McGregor.

One to Bendeboerger, McGregor.

BOOKKEEPER.—A competent ac-

countant desires a set of books to keep—one occupied not to exceed three hours daily. Address "Bookkeeper," Box 301, Stillwater, Minn. July 1st.

DRAMATIC—"FANDON, THE CRICKET."

We are pleased to announce that the McRee Rankin Comedy Company, who have been delighting citizens of this city, St. Paul and Minneapolis, for several weeks past, are to give us the famous piece "Fandion, the Cricket," which Miss Kittle Blanchard, who is unable to appear in the drawing room of the comedy theater, account of illness, will take her great character of Fandion, and will be well supported by Mr. Rankin and the rest of the company this Friday evening.

They have won great success all over the country in this piece, and will be one of the leading attractions of the dramatic season.

HEAVY SALE OF LOGS.—Advertisement on our first page announced a heavy sale of logs to take place to-day, (Friday), and another sale next week Friday.

NEAR driving boots, durable and cheap. You will find them at J. Fluke's at the foot of Chestnut street.

BUS. ON CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The following were the bids received for putting up the stone basement of the new Catholic church on Third street, to the top of the water line, \$8,295 00. Green & Sons, \$8,000 00. Sinclair & Bryson, 7,398 30. McIlroy, Hanley & Kelley, 5,800 00. B. McMillan (excavation excluded) 4,375 00.

The last named party was awarded the contract. The excavation is done by McMillan & Co., at 40 cents per cubic yard.

For the finest fine dress boots go to J. Fluke's, foot of Chestnut street.

A TALK WITH MAJOR VAN VOLKERS.

OUR GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

HOW HE COMMENCED HIS SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

Fair Miss, those berries ripe and rare, That you so kindly picked and sent, Were more acceptable by far Than any verbal compliment.

A gift has language, and a flower Can bear a message of good will,

Can fill the soul with fresher power—

Brighter and purer thoughts instill.

Those flowers—although they're faded, and

The fruit that underneath them lay

Was ever elsewhere "canned"—

Are whispering to us to-day,

A speaking outlet of the one

Who did the pleasing gift center;

And so—the pleasing task is done—

We make our little gift to her.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

THE MCKINNON REAPERS AND MOWERS.

ERS.

It is very important to farmers, for their grain harvest, that they purchase a reliable harvesting machine, and it is especially fortunate in this case, that the McCormick Reaper and the improved Advance Reaper and Mower combined, they secure the best and lowest prices.

While we have to allow for it tax receipts and deeds.

From the official statement issued by Secretary Boutwell, we obtain a clear idea of the steady reduction of the national debt, which has been going on since March 1st, 1869, the process of re-

duction having gone on. At no time has it appeared spasmodic, but month after month it has shown the same tendency downward, until the final extinguishment of the national debt becomes a mathematical certainty if the same wise policy is continued.

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